k.d. lang
ingénue

25th anniversary edition

Ingénue

Save Me
The Mind of Love
Miss Chatelaine
Wash Me Clean
So It Shall Be
Still Thrives This Love
Season of Hollow Soul
Outside Myself
Tears of Love's Recall
Constant Craving

Produced by Greg Penny, Ben Mink and k.d. lang

MTV Unplugged

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It's fitting that the cover of k.d lang's *Ingénue* looks more like a watercolor painting than a photograph snapped in a studio. Soft and impressionistic, with lang's eyes closed and cast downward, Glen Erler's portrait captures lang in a state of sublimation. It conveys such a private, intimate moment that you almost feel like you should avert your own eyes or perhaps keep staring until lang opens hers.

The same could be said of the sentiments on *Ingénue*, lang's fifth album and the one that finally liberated her from the barbed-wire confines of country music, where she first made her name in the mid-1980s. It revealed what her admirers had long suspected: She was an artist with a vision to match the majesty of her voice and the antics of her live performances.

Twenty-five years on, *Ingénue* is still such a mysterious body of work, even to those of us who played it until the CD was scratched into retirement. You'd be hard-pressed to pinpoint when the album was released or even made and where. It slinks out of the speakers with luminous melodies in search of a soundtrack, its choruses as vast and sweeping as the Canadian prairies where lang grew up, in Consort, Alberta.

A strange brew of torch and twang, of pop gloss and jazz sophistication – and shot through with Eastern European flourishes – no one quite nailed its genre when *Ingénue* came out on March 17, 1992, mere months before its maker also came out on the cover of *The Advocate*. lang was fond of calling it "post-nuclear cabaret" back then, but that didn't do it justice either. Let's call it celestial Americana or Ennio Morricone pop or a spiritual cousin to that long-lost 1967 country-soul classic *Julie London in Memphis*. (Alas, that doesn't exist.)

Ingénue certainly didn't sound like anything else released in 1992, a year when Top 40 radio bounced to Sir Mix-a-Lot's "Baby Got Back" and Billy Ray Cyrus's *Some Gave All* mended his achy-breaky heart as the top-selling album.

No, *Ingénue* was tethered more to an essence than any sort of music trend or production technique. It was a record out of time and therefore has stood the test of time. With her stint in Nashville coming to an obvious and mutually beneficial end, lang enlisted her frequent collaborator Ben Mink, the album's co-producer, co-writer, and multi-instrumentalist, for a freewheeling detour.

They started simply, riffing on acoustic guitars that they put in odd tunings so that they eschewed comfort and muscle memory. With only a faint sense of what they were creating, their ideas morphed into elastic textures that lang hadn't fully explored before. Each previous album, from 1984's *A Truly Western Experience* to 1989's *Absolute Torch and Twang*, had skirted the fringes of what we hear on *Ingénue*, as if they had been guiding lang all along to this new horizon.

Throughout *Ingénue*, a succinct song cycle and ode to an unrequited relationship, we witness an artist navigating love in its many splendors. It should have come with a warning sticker on its cover: "Love is not always pretty. Proceed with caution – and a Kleenex." lang was unflinching in presenting desire as both toxic and intoxicating, a human condition that subsumes all of us at some point.

She and Mink, along with co-producer Greg Penny, found a supporting cast of musicians – keyboardist/accordion player Teddy Borowiecki, bassist David Piltch, drummer John Guerin, vibraphonist Gary Burton, and Greg Leisz on steel guitars – who worked intuitively, knowing when to hold back and when to crack wide open. As much as *Ingénue* is associated with the accordion, it also blurred the lines for how steel guitar is used in pop and Americana recordings; you still hear its influence everywhere from Calexico to the Newport Folk Festival.

Ingénue's elegant quietude was partly born out of lang's debut acting experience in Percy Adlon's 1991 film, *Salmonberries*, in a starring role that directed her performance inward. Perhaps a shock to even her, there was power in her restraint, in the suggestion of emotion simmering instead of boiling over.

The album had its curveballs, starting with "Miss Chatelaine," a fizzy, Latin-tinged homage to personal transformation that would have fit perfectly on the Saturday night lineup on *The Lawrence Welk Show*.

"Constant Craving" was its own anomaly, the first (and likely last) pop song to ride its way into the Top 10 with an accordion hook, of all things. It didn't exactly make sense on such a moody, melancholy album, but deep longing lurked beneath that anthemic chorus. So anthemic, in fact, that the melody ended up on a Rolling Stones album. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards inadvertently copped the chorus of "Constant Craving" for "Anybody Seen My Baby?" from the Stones' 1997 album, *Bridges to Babylon*, but promptly credited lang and Mink as co-writers.

Before *Ingénue*, whose title was suggested by lang's sister, it was easy to love lang for all the wrong reasons. She had released four albums of hell-raising country that mashed up rockabilly, pop, blues, and any other harebrained idea she cooked up. Deploying her voice "like getting a Porsche and driving like a teenager," as she once quipped, she could part your hair one minute and put a lump in your throat the next. In other words, sit back and enjoy the show.

Ingénue was something else entirely. From the initial strain of flickering guitar, ghostly percussion, and eventually the widescreen twang of pedal steel, the album lured you to lean in, to savor her lyrics and the way she delivered them with grace and economy. "Save me / Save me from you / But pave me / The way to you," lang crooned on the opening "Save Me."

Let's be clear: For all its warmth and pastoral beauty – and for all those times you still hear "Constant Craving" in the supermarket – *Ingénue* was not easy listening. At all. It was a heady, disorienting mix of songs that were primal but seductive, mystical but urgent.

As a lyricist, lang suddenly cut so close to the bone – and sometimes clean through it – that you'd be forgiven for wincing at the emotional depths she plumbed. With some hindsight, it belongs in the canon of albums so sumptuous and understated that you don't even realize how they quietly gut you (think Joni Mitchell's *Blue* and Ella Fitzgerald's *Sings Songs from "Let No Man Write My Epitaph"*).

Brimming with the cadence and candor of diary entries, lang's open-hearted lyrics ached like Adrienne Rich poems.

"*Fate must have a reason / Why else endure the season / Of hollow soul.*"

"*I've been outside myself for so long / Any feeling I had / Is close to gone.*"

"*Can your heart conceal / What the mind of love reveals.*"

Those lines rang out as mantras not just for the artist, but for her audience, too. lang had made an album for herself, to grapple with a quixotic situation, but she ended up speaking right to the heart of gay and lesbian fans, in particular. We heard our voices refracted in its stories at the same time lang was finally harnessing hers as a songwriter.

Hearing a pop singer confess, "My desire carries no shame / My will will harbor no pain," shook us to our foundation. And the funny thing is, if you knew nothing about lang's past or present, you didn't necessarily realize she was singing about a same-sex relationship. The song told you everything you needed to know.

Ingénue, emboldened by a handful of Grammy nominations and a win for best female pop vocal performance, cemented what lang had been saying from the start of her circuitous career. She didn't slip into a tidy box, but if you needed shorthand for her vision, here it was: She was a singer who had something to express.

–James Reed, April 2017, Los Angeles

1 SAVE ME 4:32

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/
Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Save me
Save me from you
But pave me
The way to you
Lead me upon the captive free
Gracious and tame like love can be
Lead me upon

Spoil me
Spoil me with you
And soil me with the world of you
Watch over me with a mother's eyes
Judging my worth only to glorify
Watch over me

Save me save me
Save me save me
Carry
Carry me through
And bury all my doubts of you
Clothe my desire with spell or prayer
I'll shroud every sign of need I swear
Clothe my desire

Save me save me
Save me save me
Save me save me
Save me save me

k.d. lang: vocals, tamboura
Ben Mink: guitar, beat box, bass
Teddy Borowiecki: piano
David Piltch: acoustic bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
Gary Burton: vibraphone
Greg Leisz: lap steel guitar

2 THE MIND OF LOVE 3:49

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music
SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Talking to myself
Causing great concern for my health
Where is your head Kathryn
Where is your head

I'm trying hard to escape
This constant pull towards ache
Why do you fight Kathryn
Why do you fight

Surely help will arrive soon
And cure these self-induced wounds
Why hurt yourself Kathryn
Why hurt yourself
Why hurt yourself

Can your heart conceal
What the mind of love reveals

I'm talking to myself again
It's causing great concern for my health
Where is your head Kathryn
Where is your head
Where is your head Kathryn
Where is your head

Can your heart conceal
What the mind of love reveals
Can your heart conceal
What the mind of love reveals
(Can your heart conceal)
What the mind of love reveals

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: guitars, violin, viola, beat box
Teddy Borowiecki: piano
David Piltch: electric bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
Greg Leisz: steel guitar

3 MISS CHATELAINE 3:50

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music
SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Just a kiss just a kiss
I have lived just for this
I can't explain why I've become
Miss Chatelaine

Just a smile just a smile
Hold me captive just a while
I can't explain why I've become
Miss Chatelaine

Every time your eyes meet mine
Clouds of qualm
Burst into sunshine

Just a sigh just a sigh
Words my love just reply
I can't explain why I've become
Miss Chatelaine
Miss Chatelaine

Zing!!!

Just a smile just a smile
Hold me captive just a while
I can't explain why I've become
Miss Chatelaine

Every time your eyes meet mine
Clouds of qualm
Burst into sunshine

Just a kiss just a kiss
I have lived just for this
I can't explain why I've become
Miss Chatelaine

Miss Chatelaine
Miss Chatelaine
Miss Chatelaine
Miss Chatelaine

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: guitars, violins, violas, beat box
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion
David Piltch: electric bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
Martin Laba: guest pizzicato

4 Wash Me Clean 3:17

(k.d. lang)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music

You swim
Swim through my veins
Drown me
In your reign

My desire
Carries no shame
My will
Will harbour no pain

Wash
Wash me clean
Mend my wounded seams
Cleanse my tarnished dreams

Drink
Drink from my spell
Quench
Love's drying well

Wash
Wash me clean
Mend my wounded seams
Cleanse my tarnished dreams

k.d. lang: vocals, acoustic guitar
Ben Mink: electric guitar, acoustic guitar solo, beat box, bass
Gary Burton: marimba
Graham Boyle: percussion
Greg Leisz: pedal steel guitar

5 So It Shall Be 4:31

(k.d. lang/Greg Penny)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/
Birth of the Cool (ASCAP)

Shadows
Now curtain the moon
But faith swears
It will shine again soon
Shine with love
You've been hiding from me

Your kiss
Has hindered the day
A longing
That won't go away
You just keep knocking
And waking my heart
Like daylight chasing the dark

I can exist being caught by your kiss
Willingly
Or grant you control
Of my body and soul
Ask it and so it shall be

Shadows
Now curtain the moon
Still faith swears
It will shine again soon
Shine with love
You've been hiding from me
With that love
You've been hiding from me

I can exist being caught by your kiss
Willingly
Or grant you control
Of my body and soul
Ask it and so it shall be
Ask it and so it shall be

k.d. lang: vocals, guitars
Ben Mink: violin
Teddy Borowiecki: accordion
David Piltch: electric bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
Gary Burton: vibraphone
Greg Penny: beat box

6 Still Thrives This Love 3:35

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music
SOCAN admin. Kobalt

I often wonder
Is it so
All I am holding
Wants let go
How could I manage
I don't know

I often question
Is it so
Life's contradictions
Tend to grow
Spawning the choices
And the woe

But still somehow thrives this love
Which I pray I'm worthy of
Still somehow thrives this love

I often worry
Is it so
The lessons of patience
Are learned slow
And earnings of labour
May never show

But still somehow thrives this love
Which I pray I'm worthy of
Still somehow thrives this love

k.d. lang: vocals, mandolin
Ben Mink: acoustic guitar, violin, viola, beat box
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion, santur
David Piltch: acoustic bass
Gary Burton: marimba
Myron Schultz: clarinet
John Friesen: cello
Sal Ferreras: percussion
Ingrid Friesen: guest pizzicato

7 Season of Hollow Soul 4:55

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Keen to the shifting of wind
I bend to it blind
To rid these kisses of sin
That must stay behind

Sour the fruit of neglect
The core of my doubt
Deprived are my veins you infect
With or without

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul hollow soul

Seeds of uprooted chance
Are grains of goodbye
Waving boughs so slowly dance
Questioning why

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
The ground on which we leave on
How strangely fuels the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la…
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul hollow soul

Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la…
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul
La la la la…
Fate must have a reason
Why else endure the season
Of hollow soul hollow soul

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: guitars, violin, beat box, bass
Teddy Borowiecki: piano
Graham Boyle: percussion, timpani
Myron Schultz: clarinet
John Friesen: cello
Randall Stoll: drums
Rosel Zech: additional vocals

8 Outside Myself 4:57

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

A thin ice
Covers my soul
My body's frozen and my heart is cold
And still
So much about me is raw
I search for a place to unthaw

Something in me
Broods love into fear
It veils my vision leaves my thoughts unclear
And my eyes
From blue turn to grey
Hoping to mask what they say

I've been outside myself for so long
Any feeling I had is close to gone
I've been outside myself for so long

I have been
In a storm of the sun
Basking senseless to what I've become
A fool to worship just light
When after all it follows night

I've been outside myself for so long
Any feeling I had is close to gone
I've been outside myself for so long

I've been outside myself for so long
Any feeling I had is close to gone
I've been outside myself for so long

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: guitars
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion, keyboards
David Piltch: electric fretless bass
Graham Boyle: tambourine
Greg Leisz: steel guitar
Randall Stoll: drums

9 Tears of Love's Recall 3:49

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Love
Thing of might and dread
Stays the saviour and poison to all
Of heart and head

Love
Force of death and birth
Still lies naked when next to the truth
So spins the earth

The tears of love's recall
Like blood to chocolate fall
(And) love
The common salt of thirst
Runs like water and cuts through the lives
Of blessed and cursed

The tears of love's recall
Like blood to chocolate fall

The tears of love's recall
Like blood to chocolate fall

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: acoustic guitar, violin, viola, beat box
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion
David Piltch: electric bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
John Friesen: cello

10 Constant Craving 4:40

(k.d. lang/Ben Mink)

Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

Even through the darkest phase
Be it thick or thin
Always someone marches brave
Here beneath my skin

Constant craving
Has always been

Maybe a great magnet pulls
All souls towards truth
Or maybe it is life itself
That feeds wisdom
To its youth

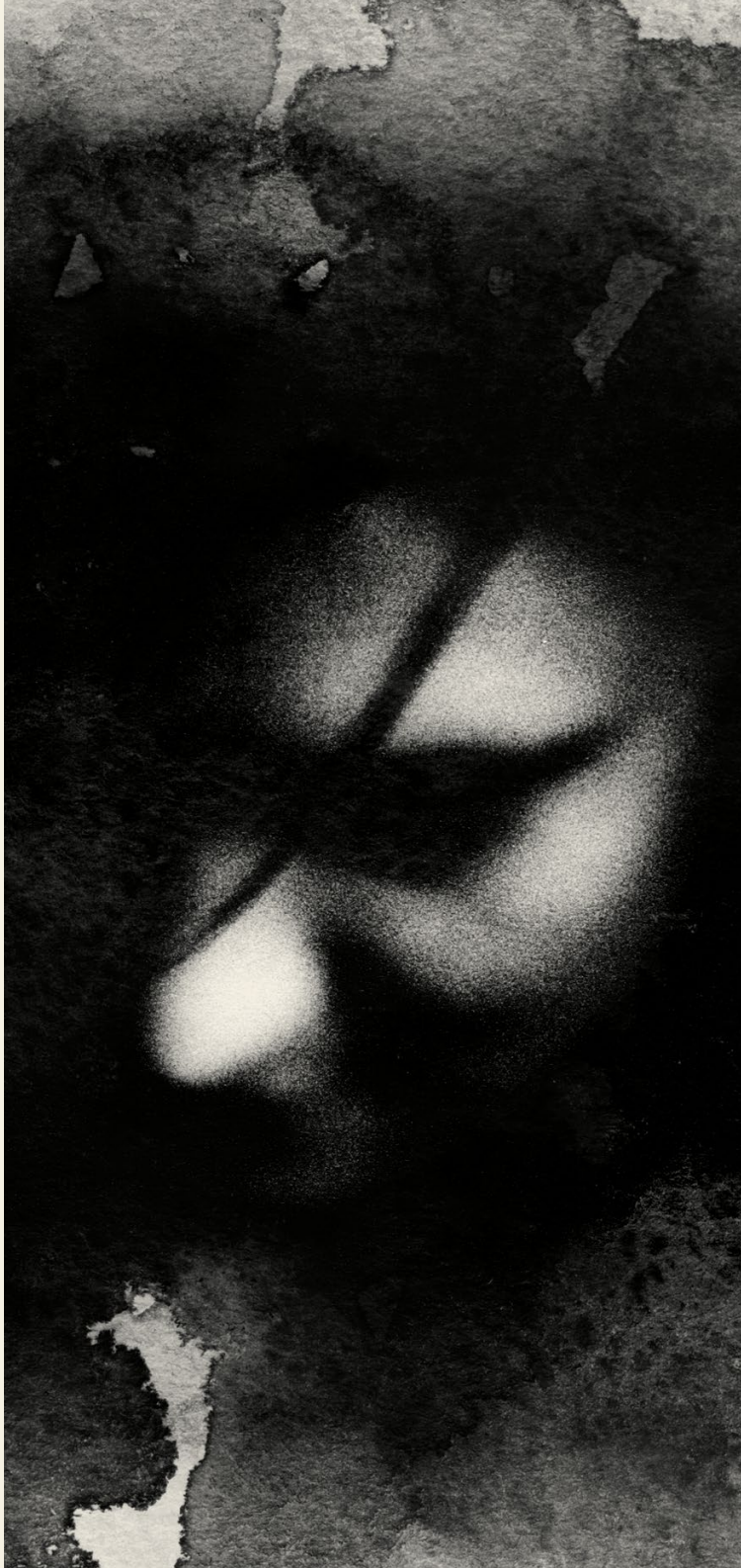
Constant craving
Has always been

Craving
Ah ha
Constant craving
Has always been

Constant craving
Has always been
Constant craving
Has always been

Craving
Ah ha
Constant craving
Has always been
Has always been
Has always been
Has always been
Has always been
Has always been

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: guitars, violin
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion
David Piltch: electric bass
Graham Boyle: percussion
Gary Burton: vibraphone
Randall Stoll: drums
Sue Leonard: additional vocals



MTV UNPLUGGED

1 SAVE ME 5:05
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

2 THE MIND OF LOVE 3:48
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

3 SO IT SHALL BE 5:15
(k.d. lang, Greg Penny)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Birth of the Cool ASCAP

4 MISS CHATELAINE 4:46
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

5 SEASON OF HOLLOW SOUL 4:39
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

6 WASH ME CLEAN 4:10
(k.d. lang)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music

7 CONSTANT CRAVING 4:41
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

8 STILL THRIVES THIS LOVE 3:35
(k.d. lang, Ben Mink)
Bromelain Perfection (ASCAP) admin. Warner/Chappell Music/Zavion Music SOCAN admin. Kobalt

k.d. lang: vocals
Ben Mink: musical director, string arranger, violin, guitar
Teddy Borowiecki: piano, accordion, vibraphone
Greg Leisz: Dobro, Weissenborn, guitar, mandolin
Graham Boyle: drums/percussion
Mike Lent: acoustic bass
David Sinclair: guitar
Sue Leonard: backing vocals, percussion
Linda Kidder: backing vocals, percussion
Victor Schultz: violin
Scott Rawls: cello
Anna Cholakian: cello

MTV *Unplugged* Produced by Alex Coletti
Executive Producer: Joel Stillerman
Recorded December 16, 1992, at the Ed Sullivan Theater, New York, NY
Audio Engineers: David Hewitt, Grant McAree
Mix Produced by Ben Mink and k.d. lang
Mixed by Marc Ramaer at Skip Saylor Recording
Assisted by Chris Puram and Mats Blomberg

Produced by Greg Penny, Ben Mink and k.d. lang

Recorded by Greg Penny and Marc Ramaer at Vancouver Studios, Vancouver, B.C.
Assisted by Steve Royea, Pete Wonsiak, and Louis Teran
Additional Recording by Ben Mink and Morrie Eaman

Mixed by Marc Ramaer and Greg Penny at Saylor Recording, Los Angeles, CA
Assisted by Chris Puram

Remastered by Robert C. Ludwig at Gateway Mastering Studios, Portland, ME

Guitar Technician and Assistant: Ron Johnson
Production Coordinator: Lisa Longville
String Arrangements: Ben Mink

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